

To Frank Drew Esq.

PAT MALLOY.

Originally sung with Immense Success by



In his inimitable Character of

MR. DAN BRYANT,

Words by Dion Bourcicault Esq.

The Irish Emigrant,

NEW YORK

Arranged by John L. Cook Esq.

at Wallack's Theatre

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"PAT MALLOY"

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Words by LION BOURCICAULT, Esq.

Arranged by JOHN P. COOKE, Esq.



I. At sixteen years of age I was my mother's fair-haired boy, She

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody is simple and catchy, with a few grace notes. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

kept a lit-tle huxter shop, her name it was Mal-loy; "I've

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part has a more active role in the right hand, with eighth-note chords.

four-teen children" Pat says she "which heav'n to me has sent, But

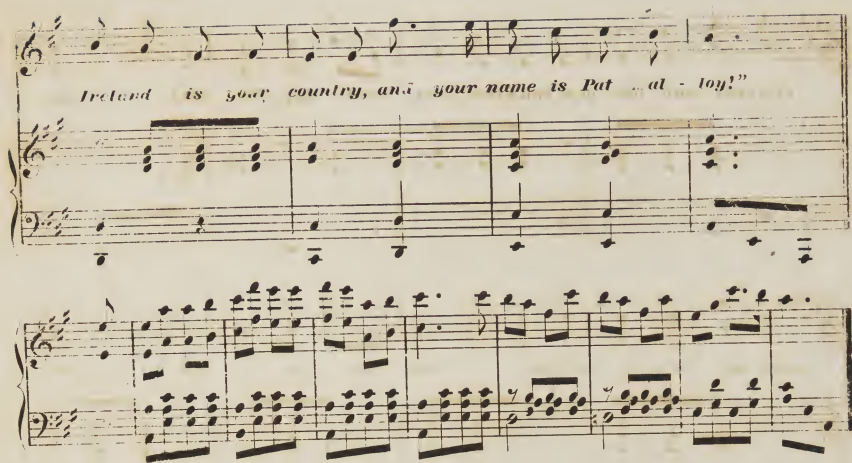
The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part returns to a simpler accompaniment style with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

chil- der aint like pigs you know- they can't pay the rent!" She

gave me ev'- ry shilling there was in the till, And

kiss'd me fif - ty times or more, as if she'd never get her fill, - "Ca

heavn bless you Pat," says she "and don't for - get my boy That ould



2.

Oh, England is a purty place, of goold there is no lack—
 I trucked from York to London wid me seythe upon me back;
 The English girls are beautiful, their loves I don't decline,
 The eating and the drinking too is beautiful and fine;
 But in a corner of me heart which nobody can see
 Two eyes of Irish Blue are always peeping out at me!
 Oh Molly darlin never fear I'm still your own dear boy—
Old Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat Malloy.

3.

From Ireland to America across the seas I roam
 And every shilling that I got ah sure I sent it home;
 Me mother couldn't write but oh there came from Father Boyce:
 "Oh, heaven bless you" Pat says she— I hear me mother's voice!
 But now I'm going home again, as poor as I began,
 To make a happy girl of Molly and sure I think I can;
 Me pockets they are empty but me heart is filled wid joy:
For old Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat Malloy.

